

Hammer Of Thor

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Summary: A squad of O.D.S.T. troopers are sent on a simple kill mission, but things turn out a little more complicated than expected

Hammer Of Thor

Corporal (CPL) Defrock Stanley Private (PVT) David McKinney

Lieutenant (LT) Tido Pablo-Sanchez Warrant Officer (WO) Ghost

Sergeant (SGT) Dunkin Menuts Private First Class (PFC) Victoria Belikove

The date is 2552. Six O.D.S.T. troopers are on a mission to eliminate a U.N.S.C. forward military base that had been overrun by hostile forces.

Prologue

INCOMING TRANSMISSION_

RECEIVING_

OPENING_

TRANMISSION FROM_: DAGGER BASE: PLANET GOWRON III:_

JENKINS_ REESE_ COMMANDER_

"COMMANDER! INCOMING COVANENT FLEET!"

"How many lieutenant?"

"One carrier sir, And they're launching Spirit transports, and Phantom Gunships by the dozens."

"Damn! Send the order to all Saber and Shortsword fighters, scramble immediately, and try to concentrate fire on the transports. And make sure the longsword bombers wait until as many enemy ground forces are deployed as possible, before they take them out. We need as long as possible to transfer all our data and reports to U.N.S.C.

Command"â€|

"Sir, base taking heavy damage, I don't know how much longer we'll hold up under this!"â€|

"What in the name of God? Sir! They're breaking off the attack!"

"What? But they've completely taken out our defenses, now what do they want?"â€|

"SIR! The covenant have boarded the base and are capturing key sections of the base."â€|

"Alright, they're almost through the door boys, hold those guns steady, and make sure you aim for their heads. Lieutenant, how is that data transfer going, we need that probe in the air ASAP"

"Where should I send it?"

"Send it to, the Flying Horse; it's a destroyer on patrol route, three day travel from here"...

END OF TRANSMISSION_

Chapter I

One day earlier

The Flying Horse U.N.S.C Destroyer

O.D.S.T. Bunks

At twenty-five year of age, David was a man of average height, with brown hair. He sat down at his bunk, raked his fingers through his brown buzz cut, and put his helmet down beside him

Private David McKinney looked around at the light grey steel box that housed the O.D.S.T. bunks, and then sighed in dismay. Not much of his Australian heritage had prepared him for how annoying some O.D.S.T.s could be. Take this person for example, Defrock Stanley. The squads resident jackass

"Hey, McKinney, David McKinney. Or should I say, GAYVID MICK MINNEY. HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!"

As Defrock burst out laughing, the man known only as Ghost, said "Aww corks it Corporal, just 'cause he's the rookie doesn't mean that you get to make fun of him like that."

Defrock turned around, his face turning red, and said "Why don't you corks it and mind your own business eh?"

"Ladies, stop with the arguing, we've got a mission. So why don't you

git yer asses of yer nice comfy little bunks, AND GET THE HELL DOWN HERE!"

David lifted his head, saying "I'm going to take a wild guess and say, that's Sarge down there isn't it?"

Lieutenant Tido got up from his bunk and said. "Yep. Now, the sergeant has rather colourfully asked you to get down there, and being your captain, I'm going to have to ask you to do the same."

As the three troopers slowly followed their CO down the stairs, Defrock mutters, "Man, is sweet lips down there gonna give us hugs and kisses for being good little boys?"

As Victoria came in from the adjoining room, she remarked, "I don't know about you, but I've been a very _bad _girl lately, the Rookie would know" As David's cheeks coloured, Victoria bumped into him and smiled.

Defrock noticed, and finally caught on to the comment, and said "Oh, so the damned rookie gets some, but I don't? C'mon sweetie you know you want some." Before Victoria could bash his face in, David stepped up, pulled out his pistol, grabbed it by the barrel, and smashed it into Defrocks gut, knocking him over, and stunning him, but not actually hurting him, as he is wearing his O.D.S.T. armour

As Defrock jumped to his feet a moment later and started to pull his Assault Shotgun off his back, the lieutenant walked up, attempting to look serious, but obviously trying not to laugh, and put a restraining hand on Defrocks shoulder, and said "Just let it go corporal." He also muttered something only David heard, "You've bit off more than you can chew this time Stanley."

Before David could ponder the meaning of this, Sarge started explaining the mission specs.

"Alright ladies. H.Q. has called our beloved team, Hammer of Thor in for some nice action. The Covenant have overrun, and captured a forward U.N.S.C. military base, which is essentially a small Sword Base on planet Gowron III, hence the fact it's been named, The Dagger Base. Now, our job is to take two falcons, get in there, plant explosives, get out and watch the fireworks. And by fireworks, I me-."

"Sergeant, these men, and this lady here", the lieutenant nodded towards Victoria, "are intelligent enough to understand what you mean, well at least most of them are." The captain gives Defrock a meaningful glance.

"What? I didn't do anything sir." As the rest of the team snickered, the lieutenant shook his head, laughed, and walked out of the room.

"Alright people, we're moving in with two Falcons, no drop pods this time. Victoria, yer piloting H.O.T. One, with me an' the Cap as gunners. Ghost, yer piloting H.O.T. Two with the rookie and defrock as gunners. We go in quiet like, even though that means I won't be able to bring in Big Bessie or Little Louie." David gave Ghost a questioning look.

"Big Bessie is his tank, and Little Louie is his custom painted RPG." David gave an understanding nod, and Ghost winked. Victoria noticed, and did a little cuckoo sign, under the pretense of scratching her hair. Defrock also noticed what the three are doing, and laughed.

The sergeant finally caught on, and said "_HEY! Don't you ladies know enough not to laugh at yer sooperier officers?_"

As the squad quickly fell silent, the lieutenant back came in. "Sarge, let them have their fun, we never know if we are gonna come back from a mission. So always have some fun before a mission. Just make sure that if you're going to get drunk, do it a day or two before hand. And Sarge?"

"Yes sir?"

"It's Pronounced _superior_, not _sooperier_." The team started to laugh a little but the gravity of the situation sank in. They were going on another mission from which it was almost certain that they weren't coming back. At least not all of them. None of the team, asides from David who wasn't there, wanted to think about how Private Juno Karakov had died.

"Captain?"

The captain looked questioningly at Ghost "Yes Ghost? What is it?"

"Sarge is done with his part of telling the mission specs, it's your turn, for the details." "What? Oh, right. Ok people. We have four high powered explosives called Furies." Five gasps followed in unison. "I see you are familiar with the U.N.S.C.'s high powered nuclear devices the size of a football? We are planting one in the generator room, one in the OPS center, and two in the living quarters. Ghost? your team is taking the generator room, and the west side of the living quarters. My team is taking east, and the OPS center. 'Till morning people. Dismissed."

As the team dispersed, David could be heard casually inviting Victoria to dinner. Defrock muttered something no one heard, and headed to his quarters, and the captain, Ghost, and Sarge all retired to the officers lounge, to eat, drink, and be merry, well as merry as one can get when they're being sent on something akin to a suicide mission the next day.

If you listened just a bit longer, you would hear Victoria responding, "And where exactly are we going to eat anything other than salad and protein cubes here?"

And David responding, "Well, with you around, I'm sure we could get to enjoy the moment, right?"

Hell Day

The Flying Horse, U.N.S.C. Destroyer

Ground Forces Deployment Level, Control room

"ALRIGHT LADIES, TIME FOR EQUIPMENT CHECKS!"

"Thank you sergeant, but I am quite capable of announcing this myself. Ok, Ghost?"

"Four fragmentation grenades, one pistol, and one silenced SMG, 6 extra clips for both guns, one sharp-ass combat knife, and armour is at 200 percent operating capability sir!"

"My god mate, you sound like one of them damned Spartans y'know."

"McKinney, watch your mouth rookie. They are our super soldiers. Top 'o' the line. So keep yer mouth shut about them. 'Cause if I hear one mo-"

"Ahem" all conversation stopped suddenly as the captain loudly cleared his throat.

" Now, can we get on with the equipment checks here people?"

Five voices joined in unison, "SIR YES SIR"

"Ok. McKinney?"

"Uhhhhh," a few derisive sniggers came out of Defrocks mouth, and the captain noticed that both David's and Victoria's elbows were twitching towards defrock, who was in between them, and the captain cleared his throat again.

"Private?"

"Uhh, yes here it is sir, four fragmentation grenades, one recon class sniper rifle with five extra clips, one combat knife, one pistol with 4 extra clips, and armour is at tip top shape sir!

"Stanley?"

"Sir! 4 fragmentation grenades, one assault shotgun with thirty extra shells, one combat knife, and armour clean as a well worn whistle, sir!"

"Ok, interesting analogy, as those aren't usually clean, and it's supposed to be about how well it's working and what shape it's in, but in to other matters. Sergeant?"

"Yes sir! Ah have here Little Louie with six extra boom packs, a nice sharp pig-sticker, dual pistols with four extra packs of bitch-ass covenant food and mah oversized jock here seems to sticking together. For now."

"Didn't you day that you weren't going to bring that sarge?" David looked a little bit confused, and the sarge gave him a look that told him to shut up. David then tried to look innocent, and found the almost everyone was staring at him.

Ghost told him quietly, "Don't worry about it, he does what he wants because nobody's going to bother him about it."

" Belikove? Private?" Victoria realized she was being called, and

stopped staring at David, just long enough to answer.

"Uhh, right sorry captain. My armour is still in one piece as far as I can tell, my silenced pistol has 3 extra clips, and my knife is as sharp as I could make, though I almost broke the tip off, and my other two pistols have one clip each of armour piercing rounds each sir!"

"Well soldiers, I guess that pretty much concludes that. So now it's tim-"

"Sir, what about your equipment?"

"Good point rookie. I was wondering if anyone would catch that." The captain nods his head David. "Well, as for my equipment, I have one battle rifle class DMR with four fifteen shot clips, one good combat knife, four fragmentation grenades, and a pistol with 4 extra clips. And my armour is still working. Mostly."

"Mostly sir? Isn't that a little, well you know, bad?"

"No private, it's really not, I'm attempting to be humorous here, or would you rather I was _post_ humorous?"

"Oh, sorry sir."

The lieutenant nodded his head, and said "All right troopers, you know the mission specs, and who is going in which Falcon. "

As the lieutenant walked out of the room, David turned to Ghost, and asked "Was the captain always like this? I mean, he seems like he's trying to fit in, but hasn't he been your captain for almost a year now?"

Ghost looked at him sadly, and said, "No, he wasn't. he actually used to be quite a lot like you are, except for the Australian part. But the guy who was our scout, and sniper before you died, and the captain felt that he was responsible."

"Jeez, what happened, I mean I know he was KIA, but what exactly happened?"

"Well, we were sent on a light reconnaissance mission, just a couple of weeks earlierâ€|"

Two weeks earlier

Planet Reach, three days before destruction

Near covenant encounter at communications relay

The day was June 18th, 2552 , The team, Hammer Of Thor was on a light reconnaissance mission that had turned bloody, and rather heavy compared to what it was supposed to be. Ghost had turned around to check and see if the enemy was close. His eyes widened as he spotted over a hundred skirmishers andâ€|

"_JUNO! LOOK OUT! SKIRMISHERS BEHIND YOU!" _Juno turned around, and at the same time slammed the butt of his Recon class sniper rifle into the skirmisher's face, effectively crushing its hard bony skull,

and alloy helmet, but at the same time making the rifle useless with a broken butt. As the body flew away, the blood sprayed across Juno, temporarily blinding him. As Juno struggled to free his combat knife, another skirmisher popped up next to him, brandishing a charged plasma pistol. Tido's DMR bullet caught it square in the face, instantly killing it, but the plasma discharge still caught Juno in the side of the head, boiling his fluids, and melting his helmet and flesh.

"_NOOOOOOOO! JUNOOOOOO!_"

Ten minutes later, the team had finished battling their way out of the mass of skirmishers, and had cleared out the jackals sniper. The captain was the first one to the body, and the only one to carry it out to the EVAC Pelican, as he felt responsible for the young snipers death. Two weeks later, at Juno's funeral service, he kept remembering the sight of Juno's half melted skull, and marveled at how well the doctors had reconstructed his young smiling face. As Tido laid down a small card, he read the inscription on the headstone,

Juniper Charles Karakov

December 12th, 2530 – June 18th, 2552

Bliss

"The best kind of soldier there is"

When Tido saw the name he thought_ "I never knew his name was actually juniper, I thought that his name was Juno. I guess he earned himself a nickname" and it stuck..."_

– – –

"So, now you know what happened. I would really appreciate it if you wouldn't let on to the fact that you know what happened."

"I can do that mate, but that's a real sad story, the captain must feel like shit."

"Yes, now head over to the equipment room

David looked through the blast proof window in the control room at the two Falcons, and admired them. State of the art mainline U.N.S.C. air vehicles, they have two propellers on top that allow for altitude changes, and thrusters in the back that propel them forward, and can have a little extra juice added for a boost. It can seat anywhere from one person, to five people. At most, one pilot, two gunners, and two passengers can be seated at one time. Occasionally a pilot will make some adjustments, and can have four passengers, and two gunners' asides from the pilot, but this is usually not recommended as it would way down the falcon. David silently regarded the cannons on either side of the falcon, which were able to shoot a fist sized hole through a brute in power armour while he was behind cover. Then McKinney realized that he was the only one left in the room, as everyone else was getting prepped for flight.

End

file.